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The Views of Napoleon in Concluding Peace with Austria.

At nine o'clock this (Monday) morning, says the London Times, of July 11, the two Emperors of France and Austria are to meet at Villa Franca, Napoleon having expressly desired this friendly interview. The armistice, which took the world by surprise on Friday, was agreed to by these two principals without the intervention of their ministers, and it is not impossible that even the outline of a peace may be settled in the same unceremonious manner. It is a course of proceeding which offers great advantages to the more sagacious and the stronger of the two negotiators. The armistice was the result of a letter from the Emperor of the French and a courteous reply from the Emperor of Austria; but the public mind, excited by the sudden cessation of the great din of war, is still anxiously asking for or imagining occult causes and dramatic incidents in so unexpected an event. The cause is undoubtedly a conviction in the mind of the Emperor that a suspension of hostilities is at this moment of time very convenient and very expedient to himself. With this conviction it is not very difficult to find means of opening a correspondence. Louis Napoleon accordingly wrote to Francis Joseph, regretting the necessity he found himself under of bombarding Venice. Everything was prepared, the fleet was quite ready to begin, but the tender heart of the French Emperor could not bear the emotion which the possibility of damage to that beautiful city caused him. For himself, his most earnest desire was to spare that interesting monument of mediæval civilization. He put it to his Imperial enemy—Could nothing be done to avert this dire necessity?

This was a respectable excuse for an overture from the victor, and it was at the same time a decent pretext to the vanquished. To Francis Joseph it must have come like water to a wounded soldier. It came at a moment when he had no longer any confidence in his army, and when his army had no confidence in him. He could not sue for peace and hold his throne; but a truce is a different thing. Truces are merely military arrangements, which are sometimes followed by a renewal of war, as they were in 1813 and 1849, when they served as a point to mark the change from Austrian defeats to Austrian victories. A truce was salvation to Francis Joseph. He accepted it with a coyness that flattered his delight, and with an attention to appearances which Napoleon, with future objects in his head, might not be sorry to humor.

There are reasons lying upon the surface why the Emperor of the French should desire to close the first chapter of his military career. The campaign is complete and unbeckered by success. The Austrians had invaded the territory of his ally, Louis Napoleon has chased them out, and has retaliated their invasion. The Germans had declared throughout all their non-official organs that they would come to Austria's assistance immediately after the French crossed the Mincio. Louis Napoleon struck a great blow, and then passed the Mincio in complete tranquility. He has done all that he desired. He has shown Austria that she is at his mercy, and Prussia that he is very far from fearing her. Much more than this, he has sent Austrian standards to Paris, and has gained victories at the head of a French army. In all his previous history he

never could be quite sure of the soldiery, for he had not shown himself a soldier; now he is safe in this respect. What more natural than that the Emperor should desire to go back to Paris and wear his laurels while they are yet green? Surely this is better than risking a reverse in that ill-famed Quadrilateral. A thousand things might happen. The pestilent marches of the Mincio are rife in autumn fevers, and one of these might prove more fatal than a battle. Why should he wait to break his teeth against those solid stone walls? He has ridden his fox to earth after a splendid run, almost without a check: it is scarcely worth his while to wait and dig him out. So thinks the Emperor. He leaves that trusty old earth stopper, Marshal Vaillant, on the watch, and, with a whoop to his hounds, he turns his horse's head and is off home to Paris.

We have stated what are, we think, obvious reasons why both Emperors should agree to the armistice so soon as the first difficulty of proposing it was got over. It appears to us, however, that three reasons are no less cogent to prevent a recurrence of hostilities, and that there are others of still greater import which favor the hopes of peace. At present the Emperor of the French has not seriously employed himself with his clergy, but the steps which he must next have taken, if the war had proceeded, could scarcely have failed to tell unfavorably upon his relations with Rome. He has not yet committed himself to the task of revolutionizing Hungary, but the torch was lit, and the hour was appointed at which he was to throw it. War is very expensive, and even thirty millions is a sum not impossible to spend, and if it is a luxury which you would enjoy now and then—every three years or so—it is wise to enjoy it temperately and to leave off saturated. Then there is the glory and the profit of magnanimity. No one can appreciate more perfectly than Louis Napoleon the advantage of refraining from doing all that he unquestionably could do. If he has done enough to convince Francis Joseph that he has Austria in the hollow of his hand, and can close his fingers on her when he lists, he has done better than if he had marched to Vienna. Perhaps it is possible to make of an humbled enemy a grateful friend. Napoleon III has a habit of leaving friends at the head of a recruiting party of 150,000 men. Russia, now so loyal, was enlisted among his intimates by that heavy shake of the hand he gave her in the Crimea. Fortune has given him a great part to play, and he can play it at once nobly and profitably. Say that he gives part of his spoils to Sardinia, and leave Venice to Austria as the price of her ready submission.

The Romans may complain, and the newspapers may remind him of his promise that Italy should be liberated from the Alps to the Adriatic; but a few specious stipulations would fulfil this promise to the ear of the Emperor of the French, and in answer to every cavil might show to his own people and to the world two first rate European Powers who had been his enemies, and are now his friends; he might point to Russia and Austria, both combined and both spared. We think all these considerations counsel peace. Depend upon it, Louis Napoleon has not given a respite to Francis Joseph merely that the latter may buy rifled cannon and bring down his reserves from Austria; and Francis Joseph has not accepted this boon with no other hope than that his bristling Quadrangle shall be taken a few months later, and that Hungary may have time to play her part in the confusion. We have seen enough of Louis Napoleon's military policy to note that he runs his races in short heats. He has learned that France likes war, but that a war to be popular in France must be short and successful. Unless Austria should be so unreasonable as to insist upon retaining Lombardy, and refuse to withdraw from further intermeddling in Italy—an obstinacy which we cannot imagine, for it would amount to judicial blindness—we do not anticipate any more deeds of arms on the Mincio. The army of Italy has gathered its laurels and may be content. The army of the Rhine is not yet fully mastered, and when brought into position it will—as we shall be duly informed in the *Moniteur*—only be there to check any ambitious enterprise on the part of Prussia, against the integrity of the French Empire.

It is well known that Thales, the ancient Greek philosopher, believed water to be the first principle. Thales must have been a New York milkman.

Singular Ornament.

A brooch worn by the Countess of Kent—has recently been the subject of conversation among the eminent Polish nobility who are now exiles in Paris. Enclosed by twenty brilliants upon a dark ground of lapis lazuli, and protected by a glass in front, may be seen—What? A portrait? A lock of hair? No, neither the one or the other; but only four bent pins, wrought together in the form of a star. The history of this singular ornament is contained in the following communication:

The Count K— was, some years ago, in his own country, suspected of being too much inclined to politics, and was, consequently, without examination or further inquiry, torn from the bosom of his family by police officers, conveyed to a fortress in a distant part of the country and thrown into a damp, dark dungeon. Days, weeks, months passed away without his being brought to trial.

The unhappy man saw himself robbed of every succor. In the stillness of death and the darkness of the grave, he felt not only his strength failing him, but also his mind wandering. An unspeakable anguish took hold upon him. He, who feared not to appear before his judges, now trembled before himself. Conscious of his danger, he endeavored to find something to relieve himself from the double misery of idleness and loneliness, and thus preserve him from a terrible insanity. Four pins, which accidentally happened to be in his coat, had fortunately escaped the notice of his gaoler. Those were to be the means of deliverance to his spirit. He threw the pins upon the earth—which alone was the floor of his gloomy dungeon—and then employed himself in seeking for them in the darkness. When, after a tiresome search, he succeeded in finding them, he threw them down anew; and so, again and again, did he renew his voluntary task.

All the day long, sitting, lying or kneeling, he groped about with his hands until he had found the pins which he had intentionally scattered. This fearful yet beneficial recreation continued for six years. Then, at last, a great political event opened suddenly the doors of his prison. The Count had just scattered his pins; but he would not leave his cell without taking with him the little instruments of his preservation from despair and madness. He soon found them for now the clear, bright light of day beamed in through the doorway of his dungeon. As the count related this sad story to the countess, she seized the pins with holy eagerness. Those crooked, yellow, brass pins, which during six fearful years, had been scattered and gathered, alternately, were become to her as precious relics; and now, set in the frame of brilliants worth £100, as a treasure of much greater value, she wears them on her bosom.—*London Court Journal.*

The following extracts from a letter published in the St. Louis Republican, gives a correct view, in our opinion, of the late momentous affairs of Europe:

BADEN BADEN, July 18, 1859.

When Napoleon III, at the head of his splendid army proclaimed that the time had come when Italy must be altogether Austrian, or free from the Alps to the Adriatic, everybody believed, and no one more firmly than he, that it was his glorious mission to expel the foreigner from Italy, and restore that beautiful region to its own people.

By the terms of the treaty, Austria is to retain possession of Venetia, and of the four fortresses, two of which, Peschiera and Mantua, belong to the ancient territory of Lombardy. Her military position in Italy is, therefore, just as strong as it ever was. Her political position is infinitely stronger; in fact, her authority must now become paramount.

No part of Europe is so much dissatisfied with the Imperial proceedings at Villafranca as England and Prussia.

To please Napoleon III, the English people drove out of power the Earl of Derby, and that party which valued the French alliance at its true worth, and installed in its stead a Ministry devoted to the French alliance, and placing implicit faith in the French Emperor. The Government and its organs loudly proclaimed their adhesion to the Imperial programme for the expulsion of the Austrians from Italy. By their remonstrances they encouraged Prussia not to yield to Austria's entreaties for assist-

ance; and manifested the greatest anxiety for the termination of the war, and the assembling of a Congress, in which Great Britain should exercise a controlling influence in the settlement of the state of Europe. What has been the result? English treachery to its old friend has disgusted Austria. English subserviency to France has met with its due reward, French contempt.

Napoleon III. has now banded together the three great despots of Europe, under his lead. He has gained the confidence of the whole Catholic world. He has shown to his people that he is a great general, as he is a profound statesman and skillful negotiator, and he is now preparing to begin again that great struggle which the timidity of England, the selfishness of Prussia, the good sense of Austria, and his own unerring sagacity, has deferred for a season. I regard the treaty of Villafranca—shameless as I deem it—as the greatest achievement of the Emperor Napoleon III.

Assaying the Precious Metals.

The term *carat*, or *karat*, originally designated an Abyssinian bean. Being very uniform in size, and undergoing scarcely any loss by drying, they came to be used as the standard in weight, in Africa, for gold, and in India for diamonds. Each carat was divided into 4 grains, of which 74 are nearly equal to 72 grains troy. This system of carats and grains is still used in the valuation of diamonds. But in the case of gold, the term carat implies, not so much any actual weight, as a fractional division, of which 24 go to make a unit. "Twenty-four carats fine" expresses the unity of pure gold, and signifies, not the specific weight of any given mass, but only that, in the 24 imaginary parts into which it may be supposed to be divided, there is no alloy.

The gold assayer takes his unit or *integer* 6 or 12 grains troy. This small quantity is most convenient for purposes of assay, and these particular numbers are used for convenience of calculation. This 6 or 12 grains is called, by the English assayer, an "assay pound," and is, by him, divided into 24 carats, and each carat again into quarters and six-tenths. The assayer of silver takes 18 to 36 grains troy for his assay pound, and divides it into 12 ounces, each ounce into 20 pennyweights, and these again into half-pennyweights—making for the silver assay pound, 480 divisions or *reports*, and for the gold assay pound, 384 *reports*. On the continent of Europe the division of the assay pound for gold is different from the English.

In the English mint, the term carat expresses no given weight, but merely degrees of fineness, of which twenty-four indicate purity. The carat is subdivided into quarters, and these again into eighths, making to each carat thirty-two parts, 768 of which represent pure gold.

These varying, complicated and arbitrary systems, are the relic of an age which delighted in intricate and perplexing mysteries. They are gradually yielding before the scientific demand for uniform and universal formulæ. Instead of each trade having its own peculiar weights and measures, there must come to be one standard for all business, and ultimately one for all the leading nations of the earth. Instead of one measure for cloth, another for length, and a third for land; one measure for wine, another for beer, and another for grain; one weight for the apothecary, and another for the grocer; one standard for France, another for England, and a third for America, there will be one uniform standard for all, based upon the decimal system.—*S. F. Herald.*

BLOODY DUEL.—Count Bethlem, the Hungarian, at present in the staff of Louis Napoleon, is the one who fought the duel with Prince Esterhazy. The quarrel was a political one, and great importance was attached by the Austrian party to the death of Bethlem, whose patriotism, combined with his immense wealth, had rendered him obnoxious to them. At the first fire the Count fell, shot through the body. When the Esterhazy faction saw him fall, they instantly dispatched an express to Vienna to announce his death. To their great surprise and consternation, however, they saw the apparently dead man rise to his knees and fire at his antagonist. The ball struck Prince Esterhazy between the eyes, and killed him instantly.